

FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE



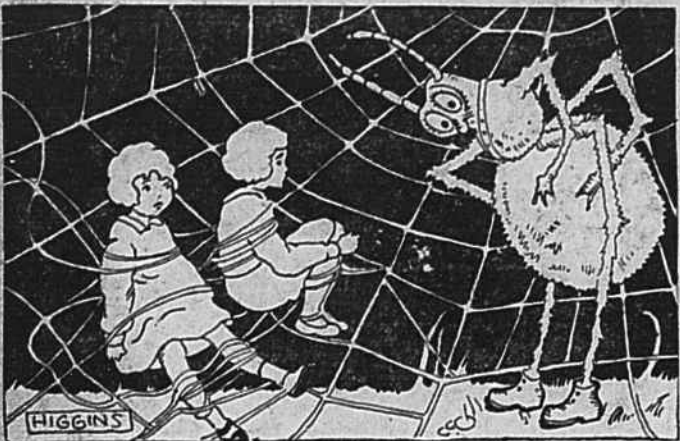
ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

by Olive Roberts Barton

The Lost Shoes

When Nick and Nancy found they were caught in the spider's web they didn't know what to do first. You see they had lost their magical green shoes that could make them any size, so they couldn't wish themselves big again. And they couldn't go to look for them because they could scarcely move. Whenever they did they seemed to get tangled up more than ever. "Oh, we'll never get out of here to hunt for Jocko, our poor lost monkey!" sighed Nancy.

"Cheer up," said the magical mushroom, in her pocket. "Just be brave and have patience. That gets most people out of trouble." And its advice just came in time, for if the children hadn't tried pretty hard they might have felt really frightened. For all at once they heard a spinning noise and turning around they saw a great, big spider, a green



They saw a great big spider sitting at a tidy spinning wheel.

one, mind you, sitting at a tiny spinning wheel. And my, but it was spinning fast, with so many legs to turn the wheel and so many arms to hold the thread.

But it stopped and came over.

"Good morning," it said very pleasantly. "I didn't know I had visitors. That's very nice, I'm sure. I'll just have you stay for dinner."

The twins wondered whose dinner the spider meant, its dinner or theirs, but they tried to look interested.

"Thank you!" they said politely.

"If you'll excuse me I think I'll run over to the ant hole and get a nice fresh ant," said the spider. "The rooster has been there, but he's probably left some."

"Will you please look for two pairs of green shoes?" asked Nancy. "We lost some."

"Certainly!" said the spider, obligingly. "I'm glad you spoke of it." And away it went.

Nick and Nancy were sure they could get away now.

(Copyright, 1919, N. E. A.)

CONFESSIONS OF A BRIDE

(Copyright, 1920, by the N. E. A.)

In Our Strange Cage, We Give Up Puzzling and Sleep.

"Why should common Mexican revolutionists and half-breed Indian bandits know about a secret trap-door in this ancient and honorable establishment?" countered Jordan Spence. "Such valuable secrets seldom belong to any but the masters of mysterious places like this. The owners guard them jealously, for their own protection—sometimes from their own followers, too. The cell beneath us, for instance, with its queer loose stones in the roof, would make a most desirable hiding place—if the owner of this hacienda were to require a refuge."

His words relieved my anxiety. Hamilton Certes would never let his underlings have such valuable information. Probably he relied on Dame Camilla's discretion and devotion to their ancient family pride.

"The bandits will be grouchy about losing us, but I fancy they'll think the devil has got us," said Gene Archer. "For that very reason, they'll not try to find us. Extraordinary—how a Mexican avoids a glimpse of the devil," he concluded dryly.

Spence nodded his agreement. "Superstitious lot," he asserted. "Since we've vanished—disappeared in thin air—his wide gesture included the atmosphere of the globe—of course they'll conclude that the devil had his hand in it. And they will not tell their superiors! They'll insist that the two Americans have been shot—and buried in quicklime—according to contract. Then they'll collect."

"And give the devil his due—in their own minds," laughed Archer. "Why, there's not a mark on the ceiling down there to suggest that the stone has ever been swung back from its under side. Of course, when I perceived what had happened yesterday, I just naturally took to studying the thing. That trap door is a wonder! One of the lost secrets of the ancient masons! Gosh! I'm glad I'm here! I'm not going to leave until I find out how they grooved and hinged that little stone, either!"

"Oh, la! la!" said myself to myself. "Here I am worrying about a dozen sentimental matters, including my personal safety, and the conventions, too. That's feminine, I suppose. And here are these two remarkable men, the doctor absorbed in Chrys's peculiar state, and the engineer determined to remain in this horrid hole until he solves a lost secret of his profession! I suppose that is the masculine way!" And I very much admired the man's way. But I made no comment on it! What I said was: "Dear me! How I wish I could see the bandits when they find that you two men have completely disappeared!"

"I only hope you don't hear them," ventured Spence. "Personally, I think we'd better not trust our impression that the secret of the door is unknown to them. I think one of us men would better keep watch while the rest of this party takes a little nap. Sleep we must have—or we may go mad before we get out of this," he went on in his professional tone. "And so, Madame Hostess," with the question he surveyed the four couches aligned symmetrically on the four sides of the room. "Pussy, pussy, wants a corner!"

"Yours, Sir Puss-in-Boots!" I indicated the divan near him. "Opposite you, Miss Lorimer." Chrys took her station. "Mine is here!" I threw myself in a tired heap on another couch. "And mine is the opposite one," said Gene Archer. "Grand idea of the owner of this chateau to provide electricity so liberally. He must have expected to need it himself some day. But who can sleep with all these lights on?"

"Silly to try," said the doctor. "Out they go, then," rejoined the engineer. "Everybody ready? I'm on guard. Spence, for the first watch." With the coming of the dark and the silence my thoughts turned to my husband. I cried myself into a doze. All my courage had oozed away in my need for the comfort of his presence.

(To Be Continued.)

HOULT

New Lights for Church.
A new lighting system has been installed in the church by which kerosene is forced through hollow wire from a pressure tank is vaporized in the lamps and burned in inverted mantles, the combined lights making twelve hundred candle power of steady white light which is an improvement over the old, smoky oil lamps.

Young People's Social.
There was a social gathering of the young people of Hoults Sunday school Saturday night at the home of the superintendent, W. F. Hoults.

Personals.
Jesse Bowman attended Farmers' week at Morgantown last week with Prof. Haller's Agricultural High school class of Rivesville.

Roy Bowman played with Rivesville high basketball team at Jane Lew Friday night where the Rivesville boys got a good trimming.

Jesse Burnworth, a veteran of the Civil war and wife, of Ohio, Pa., are guests of his son, Liston Burnworth here.

Mrs. Alice Wilson is ill at the present time.

Earl McElfresh is suffering with an injured knee caused by a fall. Jas. D. Bowman, who has been confined to his home since New Year's

with cold and bronchitis, is able to work again.
The census enumerator was with us Sunday—the lateness and delay of enumeration being responsible for the Sunday work.

QUIET DELL.

Mr. and Mrs. Marion Rudy were visiting the former's brother, Henry Rudy, Saturday night and Sunday.

Mrs. Evaline Williams and Miss Margaret Vincent were calling on Mrs. Joseph Williams Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Avis Henderson were visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Henderson, of Spring Dale, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Nuzum, of Goose creek, was visiting at Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Lake's Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rem Rudy and Lee Rudy were calling on Avis Henderson Sunday evening.

Edward Henderson, of Spring Dale, was calling on relatives here Sunday.

Lee Rudy was calling on relatives at Grafton Monday.

Albert Neel is wearing a broad smile these days all because it's a girl.

Henry Rudy has purchased a fine piano player.

The Daily Short Story
will be found on page 6

Three Days Only!
Thursday, Friday, Sat.
January 15, 16, 17

Osgood's

Three Days Only!
Thursday, Friday, Sat.
January 15, 16, 17

Beginning Thursday Morning, January 15th,
Our Great Annual Event Known as the

Winter Clearaway

—of Women's Finest Apparel

A very important fact of this sale is that there are ample assortments to serve every possible demand—our regular stocks have been so large all during the season that we enter this period of final disposals better fixed than ever before in our history. And prices will be low—very low—and will represent by far the greatest Value ever offered in this community. This particular advertisement again purposely avoids specific mention of the prices but you can rest assured they afford savings of extraordinary amount. TOMORROW ALL THE PRICES WILL APPEAR IN THE NEWSPAPERS—you will read them with great interest! we are confident, and we hope you will take advantage of as many of them as possible on Thursday, Friday or Saturday.



Remarkable Reductions On Every Winter Garment

Suits and Coats
Reduced 1-2 and More

Winter Frocks
In Special Groupings
Reduced 1-3 and 1-2

Furs and Plush Coatees
Reduced 1-3

Blouses Reduced 1-3

Skirts Reduced 1-4

Sweaters Reduced More Than 1-2

In every section of our store there will be exceptional offerings. For instance—Children's Hats at 25c, 50c and \$1.00—Utility Capes of Serges and Tricotine regularly worth \$25.00 but specially reduced to \$9.95 for final clearance—White and Colored Voile Blouses at \$1.00 which you rarely find even at \$2.00—\$2.00 Cotton Petticoats at 95c. There will be many many wonderful bargains for every woman!

There Will be Only 3 Days
Thursday, Friday, Saturday

Osgood's
for
Quality